A1 CYBERDETECTIVE

MARCH 23

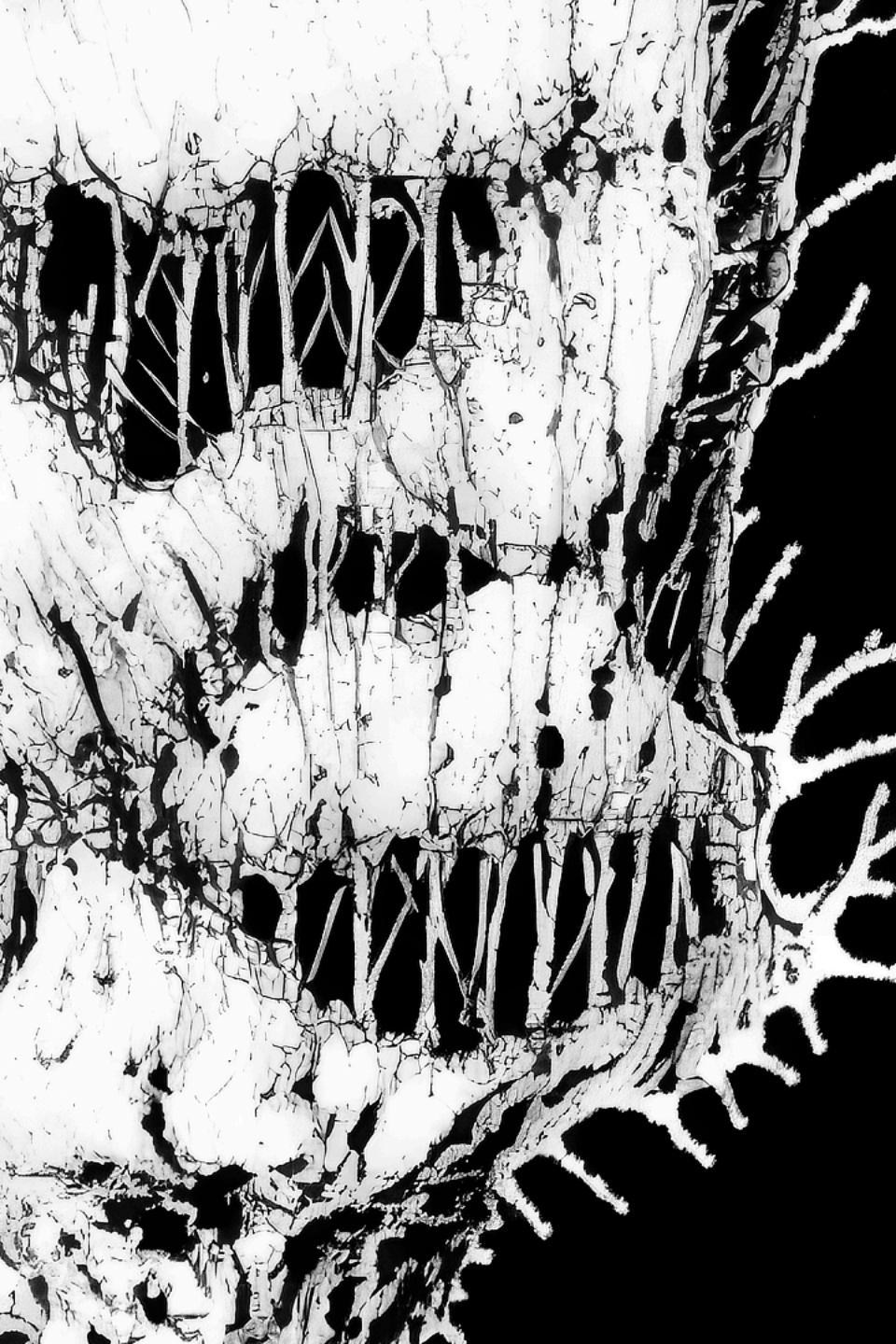
DISASTER! AT THE DOCKS

Jackson Montgomery Beauregard IV & Robopigeon

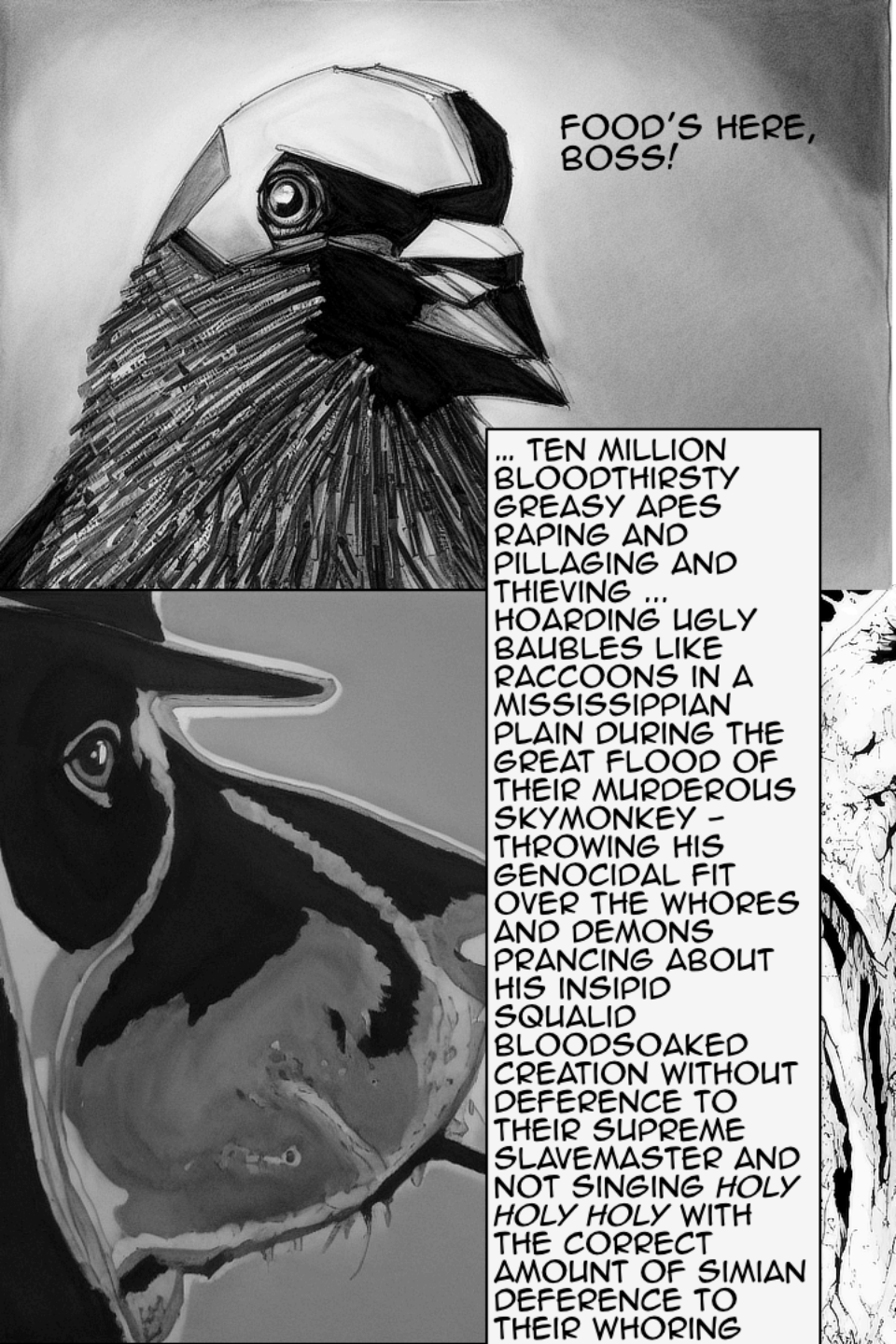
IN CYBERCITY OMEGALON

Episode one

Disaster! at the docks

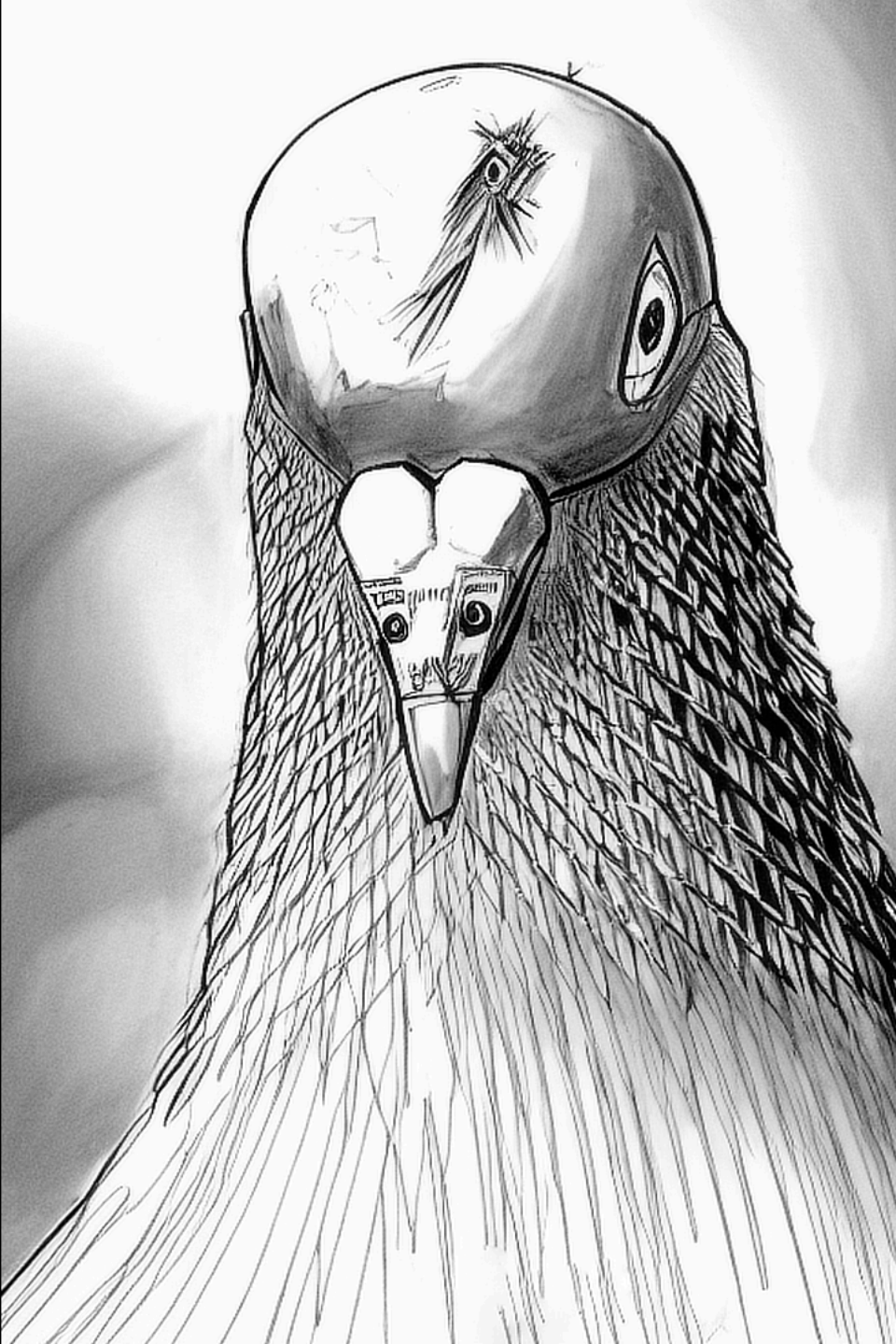


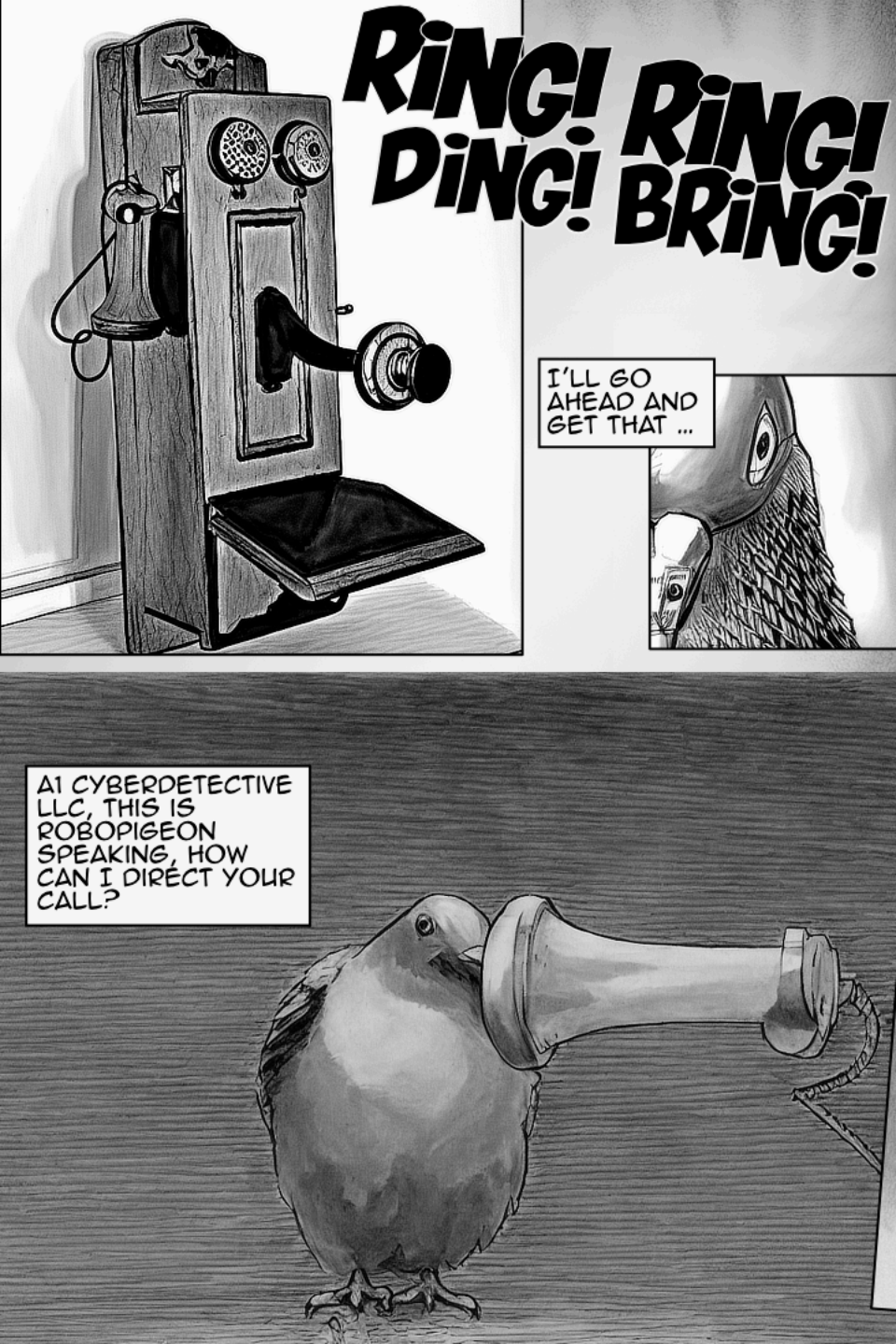
THIS CITY IS SICK ... SICK WITH TEN MILLION SORES ...
... TEN MILLION GAPING WOUNDS FESTERING IN UNISON - A CHOIR OF UNHOLY LEPERS SHRIEKING INTO A DOGLESS VOID ...


FOOD'S HERE, BOSS!
... TEN MILLION BLOODTHIRSTY GREASY APES RAPING AND PILLAGING AND THIEVING ... HOARDING UGLY BAUBLES LIKE RACCOONS IN A MISSISSIPPIAN PLAIN DURING THE GREAT FLOOD OF THEIR MURDEROUS SKYMONKEY – THROWING HIS GENOCIDAL FIT OVER THE WHORES AND DEMONS PRANCING ABOUT HIS INSIPID SQUALID BLOODSOAKED CREATION WITHOUT DEFERENCE TO THEIR SUPREME SLAVEMASTER AND NOT SINGING *HOLY HOLY HOLY* WITH THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF SIMIAN DEFERENCE TO THEIR WHORING

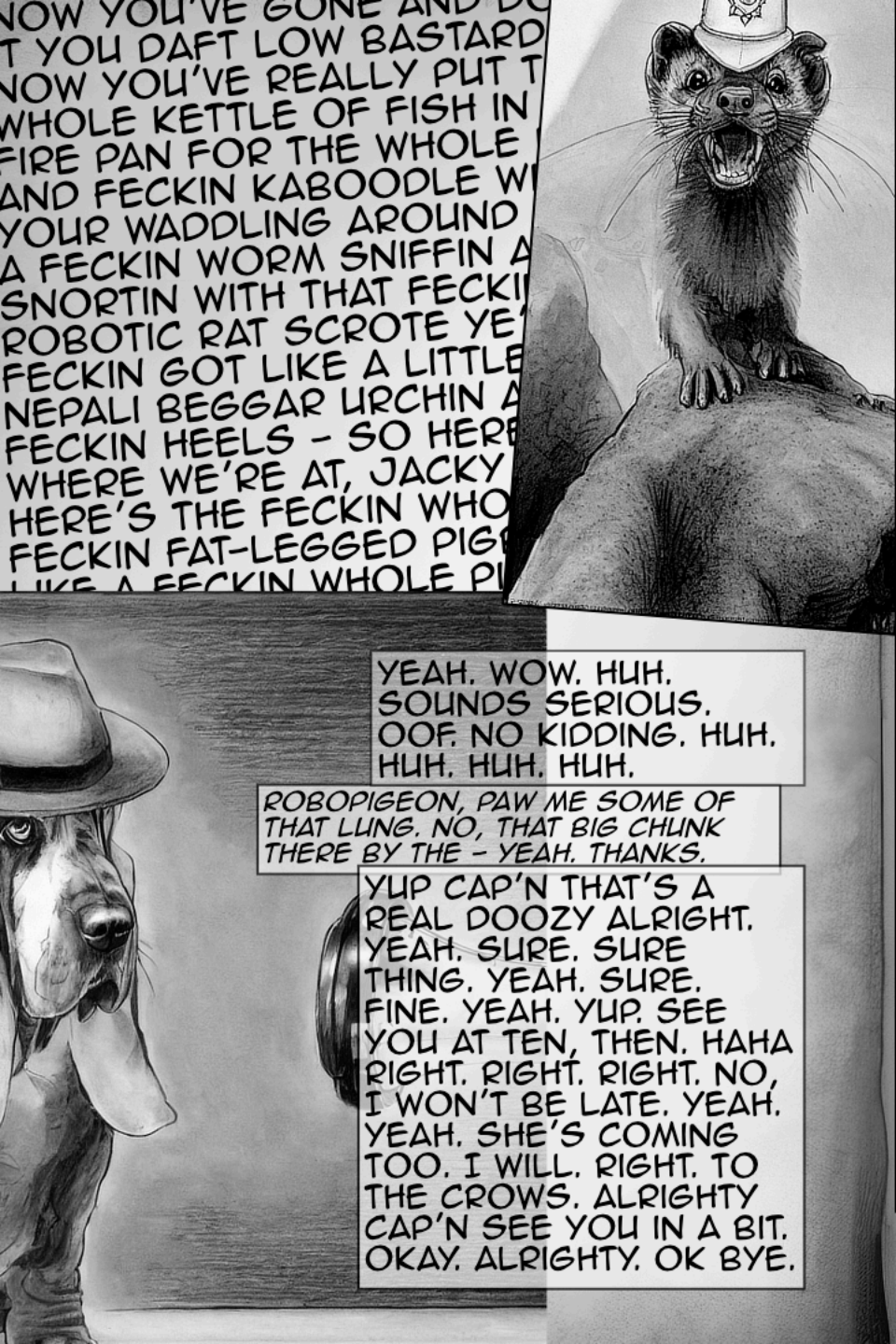
UHM ...
I HEARD YOU ROBOPIGEON ... IT'S JUST HARD TO STOMACH EATING IN A CITY LIKE THIS. A CITY SICK. SICK WITH TEN MILLION SORES.

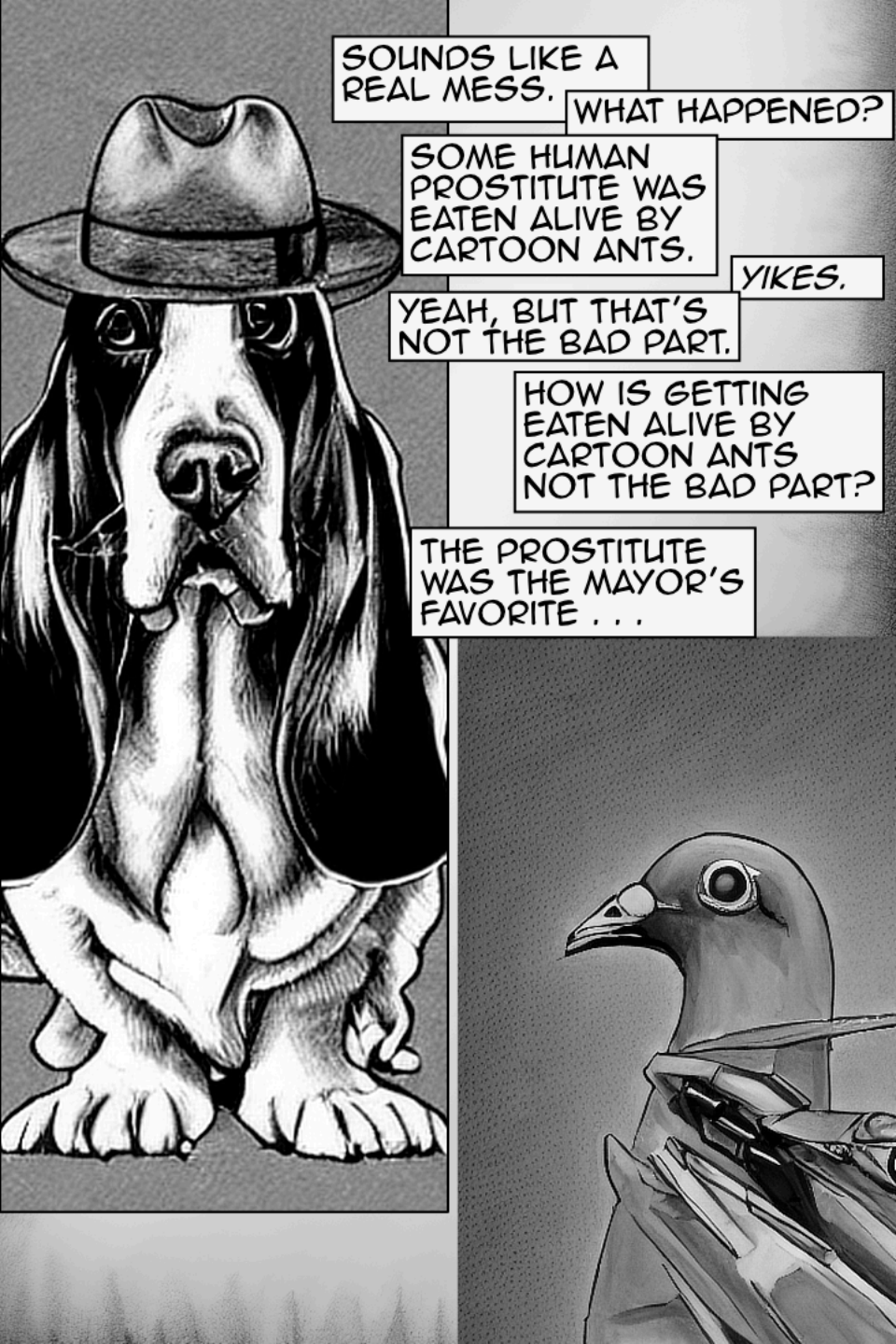
FEATHERED CHRIST WHAT DID YOU ORDER ?
LUNGS.




RiNG! RiNG!
DiNG! BRiNG!
I'LL GO AHEAD AND GET THAT ...
A1 CYBERDETECTIVE LLC, THIS IS ROBOPIGEON SPEAKING, HOW CAN I DIRECT YOUR CALL?

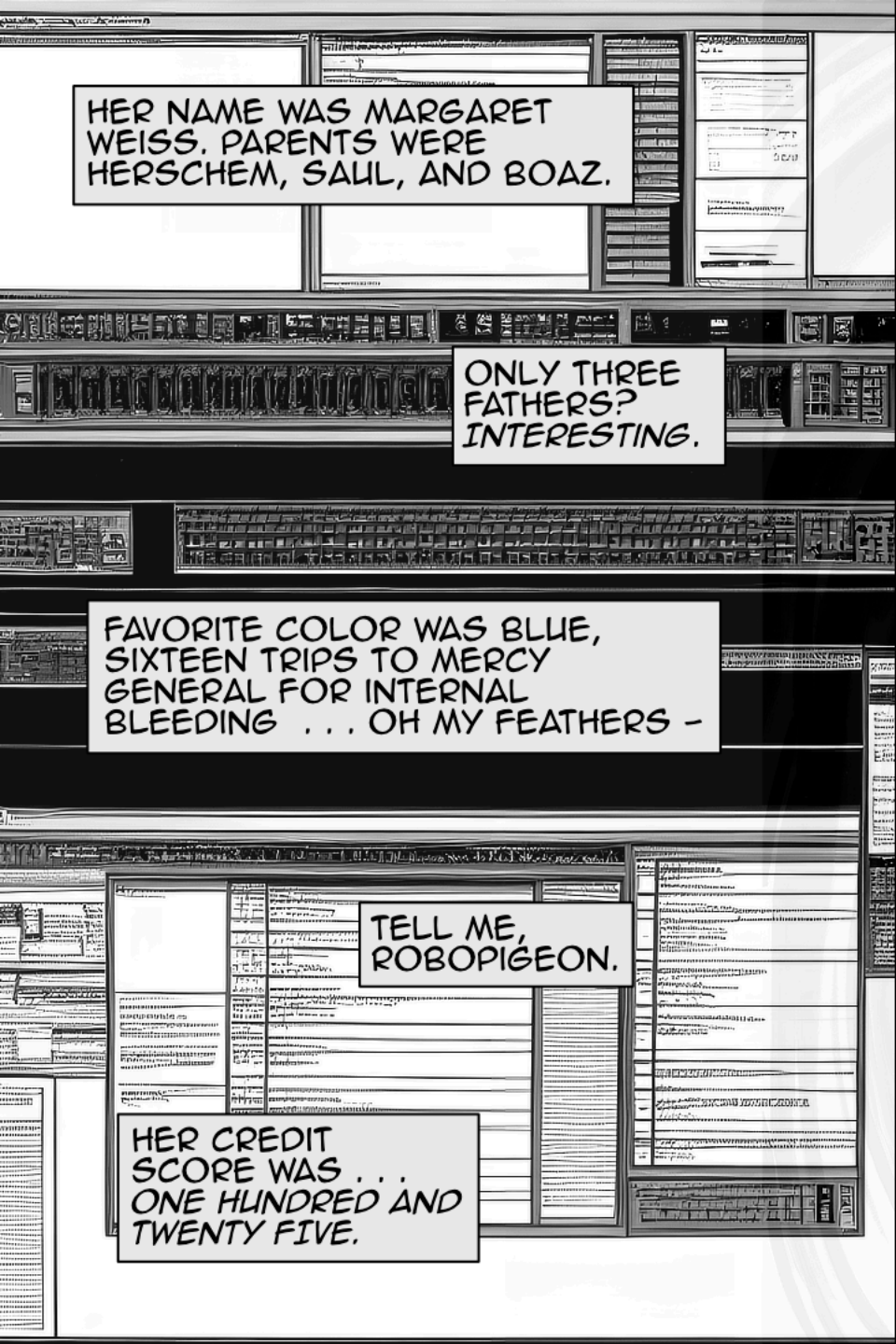
I'VE GOT NO TIME FER
FECKIN HOW CAN I DIRE
YER FECKIN CALLS YE
DAFT FLYING RAT PRAT
FECK PUT THE PIGDAMN
DOG ON THE PHONE FO
I RIP OUT YER BIONICLE
EYEBALLS AND FEED TH
TO THE CROWS YOU SA
LITTLE FECKING ROBOT
WITH YER METAL EYES A
OH... HELLO CAP - -
YES CAPTAIN JOHN O'MCSULLIVAN OF HER BLESSED LADY'S ROYAL FECKING CONSTABULARY PUT ON THAT WEASELDAMNED FLOPEARED HOUND
NOW

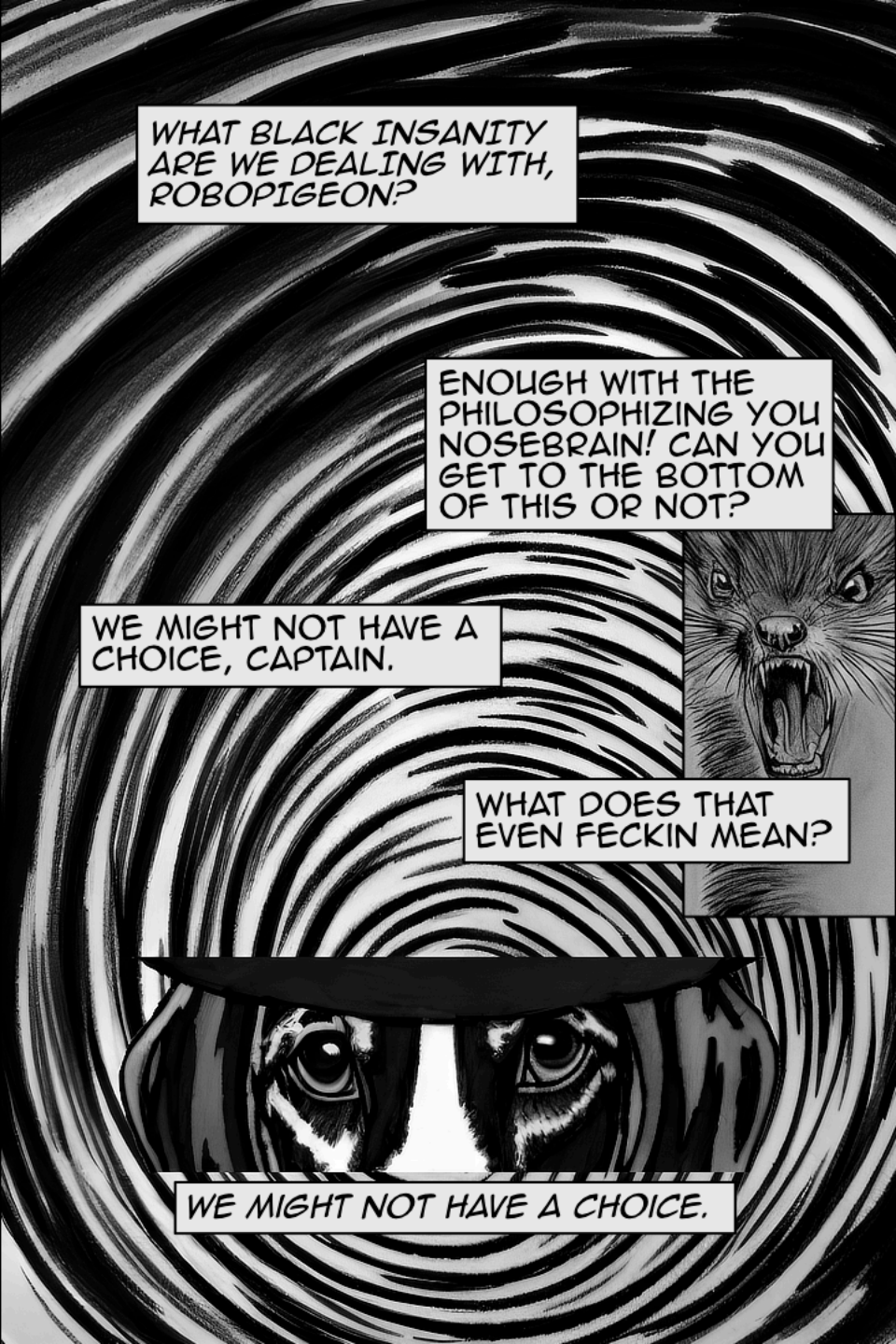

NOW YOU'VE GONE AND D
T YOU DAFT LOW BASTARD
NOW YOU'VE REALLY PUT T
WHOLE KETTLE OF FISH IN
FIRE PAN FOR THE WHOLE
AND FECKIN KABOODLE W
YOUR WADDLING AROUND
A FECKIN WORM SNIFFIN A
SNORTIN WITH THAT FECKI
ROBOTIC RAT SCROTE YE
FECKIN GOT LIKE A LITTLE
NEPALI BEGGAR URCHIN A
FECKIN HEELS - SO HERE
WHERE WE'RE AT, JACKY
HERE'S THE FECKIN WHO
FECKIN FAT-LEGGED PIG
YEAH. WOW. HUH. SOUNDS SERIOUS. OOF. NO KIDDING. HUH. HUH. HUH. HUH.
ROBOPIGEON, PAW ME SOME OF THAT LUNG. NO, THAT BIG CHUNK THERE BY THE - YEAH. THANKS.
YUP CAP'N THAT'S A REAL DOOZY ALRIGHT. YEAH. SURE. SURE THING. YEAH. SURE. FINE. YEAH. YUP. SEE YOU AT TEN, THEN. HAHA RIGHT. RIGHT. RIGHT. NO, I WON'T BE LATE. YEAH. YEAH. SHE'S COMING TOO. I WILL. RIGHT. TO THE CROWS. ALRIGHTY CAP'N SEE YOU IN A BIT. OKAY. ALRIGHTY. OK BYE.


SOUNDS LIKE A REAL MESS.
WHAT HAPPENED?
SOME HUMAN PROSTITUTE WAS EATEN ALIVE BY CARTOON ANTS.
YIKES.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S NOT THE BAD PART.
HOW IS GETTING EATEN ALIVE BY CARTOON ANTS NOT THE BAD PART?
THE PROSTITUTE WAS THE MAYOR'S FAVORITE . . .

AND TWO YEARS OLD

SNIFF! SNUFF!
SHE'S DEAD, CAPTAIN.
I KNOW SHE'S DEAD YA MANGY GRASSFACED FECKHOUND!
ROBOPIGEON, RUN A DNA SCAN AND THROW IT AGAINST THE BLOCKCHAIN.


HER NAME WAS MARGARET WEISS. PARENTS WERE HERSCHEM, SAUL, AND BOAZ.
ONLY THREE FATHERS? INTERESTING.
FAVORITE COLOR WAS BLUE, SIXTEEN TRIPS TO MERCY GENERAL FOR INTERNAL BLEEDING . . . OH MY FEATHERS –
TELL ME, ROBOPIGEON.
HER CREDIT SCORE WAS . . . ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE.


WHAT BLACK INSANITY ARE WE DEALING WITH, ROBOPIGEON?
ENOUGH WITH THE PHILOSOPHIZING YOU NOSEBRAIN! CAN YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS OR NOT?
WE MIGHT NOT HAVE A CHOICE, CAPTAIN.
WHAT DOES THAT EVEN FECKIN MEAN?
WE MIGHT NOT HAVE A CHOICE.

DEAR DIARY,

HORRIBLE DREAMS LAST NIGHT. DREAMS OF HUMAN SODOMY AND CARTOON ANTS CHEWING THROUGH THE GLEAMING INSIDES OF A DONG-RUINED PROSTITODDLER. THEN MY GRANDMOTHER SHOWS UP AND STARTS THROWING PINECONES AT ME, SHRIEKING, HER FACE INSIDE OUT LIKE IT HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY A MANTIS SHRIMP'S CAVITATION PUNCH. THEN I GO TO THE STUFF'N'MAX AND THEY'RE OUT OF MY NORMAL DETERGENT. HAD TO BUY THE CHEAP JUNK AND MY WAISTCOAT WAS ALL COVERED IN LITTLE WHITE SPOTS. I DON'T EVEN OWN A WAISTCOAT. I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT A WAISTCOAT IS. WHEN WILL THIS MADNESS ABATE?

POWER ON, ROBOPIGEON. WE'VE GOTTA GET MOVING.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

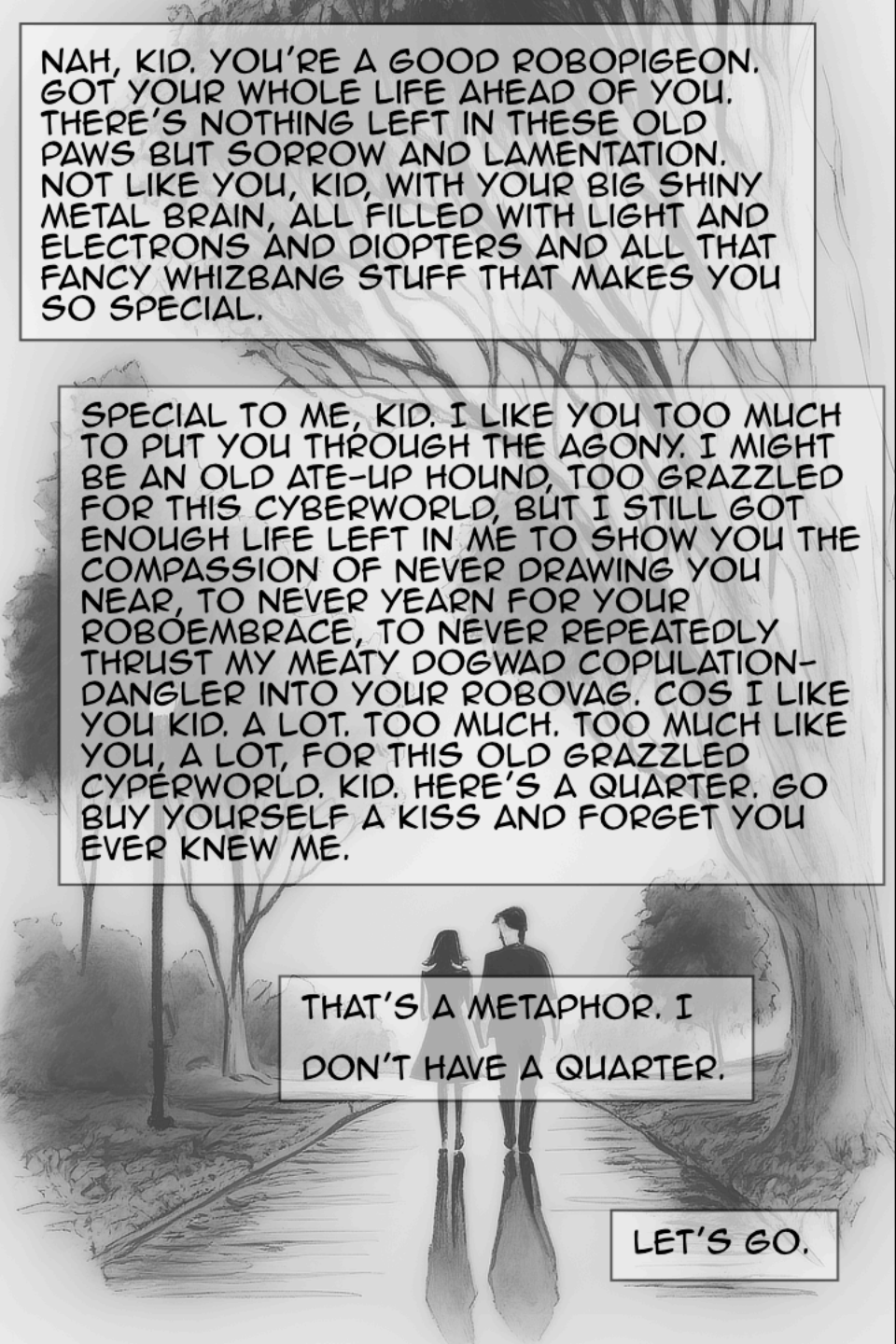
GOING TO HEAD DOWN TO TOKYOTOWN. STOP IN AND SEE A MAN ABOUT SOME CARTOON ANTS.

THEN WHAT?

THERE'S A GOOD LUNG PLACE IN TOKYOTOWN. GET SOME LUNCH. MATINEE SHOWING OF *KISSIN' KAPYBARAZ 19* AT THE AVALON HYPERPLEX. MAYBE GRAB A DRINK . . . ?

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE ASKING ME ON A DATE, BOSS.

;-)


NAH, KID. YOU'RE A GOOD ROBOPIGEON. GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT IN THESE OLD PAWS BUT SORROW AND LAMENTATION. NOT LIKE YOU, KID, WITH YOUR BIG SHINY METAL BRAIN, ALL FILLED WITH LIGHT AND ELECTRONS AND DIOPTERS AND ALL THAT FANCY WHIZBANG STUFF THAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL.
SPECIAL TO ME, KID. I LIKE YOU TOO MUCH TO PUT YOU THROUGH THE AGONY. I MIGHT BE AN OLD ATE-UP HOUND, TOO GRAZZLED FOR THIS CYBERWORLD, BUT I STILL GOT ENOUGH LIFE LEFT IN ME TO SHOW YOU THE COMPASSION OF NEVER DRAWING YOU NEAR, TO NEVER YEARN FOR YOUR ROBOEMBRACE, TO NEVER REPEATEDLY THRUST MY MEATY DOGWAD COPULATION-DANGLER INTO YOUR ROBOVAG. COS I LIKE YOU KID. A LOT. TOO MUCH. TOO MUCH LIKE YOU, A LOT, FOR THIS OLD GRAZZLED CYBERWORLD. KID. HERE'S A QUARTER. GO BUY YOURSELF A KISS AND FORGET YOU EVER KNEW ME.
THAT'S A METAPHOR. I DON'T HAVE A QUARTER.
LET'S GO.

LONG TIME NO SEE, JIRO. HOW'S THE CARTOON BUSINESS TREATING YOU?

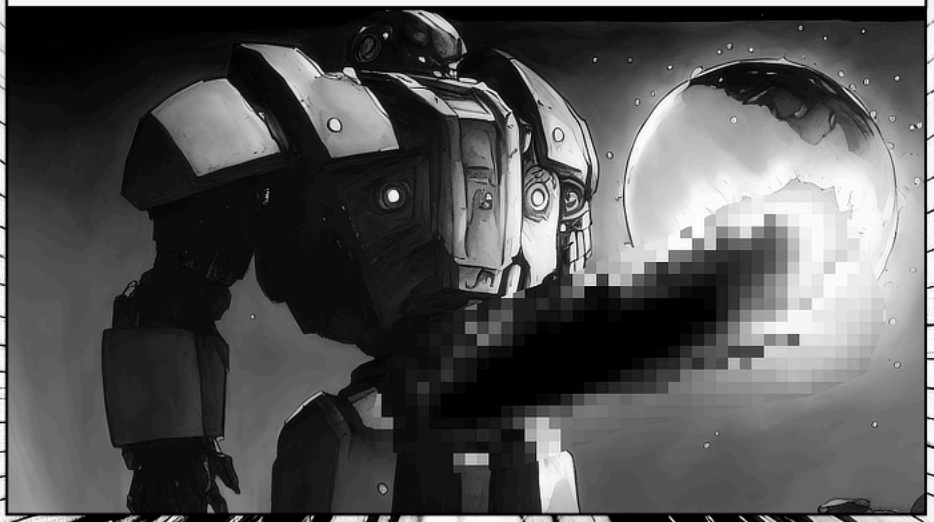
NO CARTOON! ANIME! NO CARTOON. YOU STILL STUPID DOG. RONG STUPID EAR. ME NO RIKEY!

WHY ARE YOU TALKING LIKE THAT, JIRO? YOU WERE BORN IN DES MOINES.

DUNNO. ANYWAYS.

CARTOON BUSINESS IS BAD. KIDS THESE DAYS ARE STUPID. NO TASTE FOR TRADITION . . .

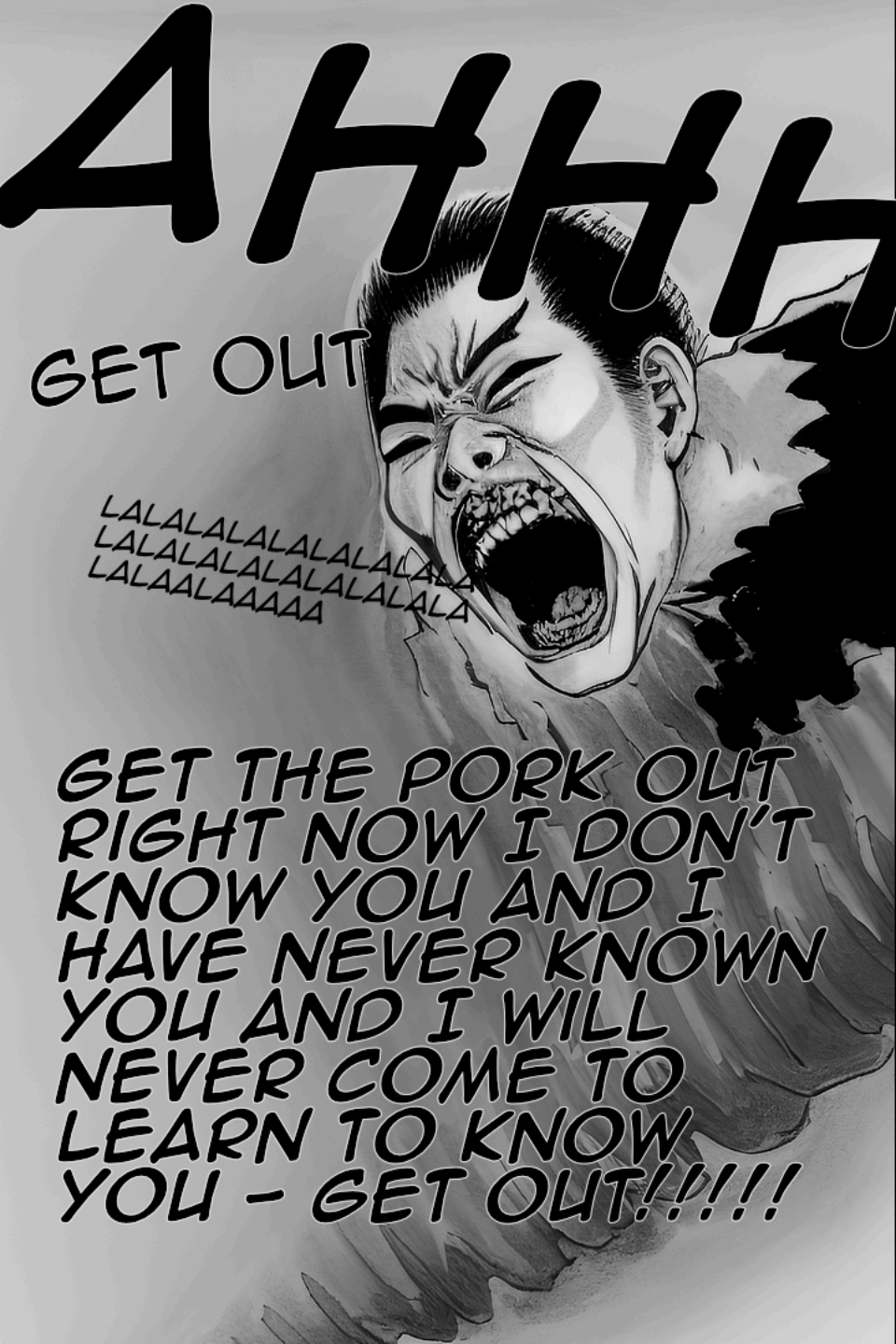
. . . SEE, BACK IN THE DAY, KIDS LIKED GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE. GORE. NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION. MELTED FACES. ROBOTS WITH HUGE ELECTRONIC ROBODONGS PORKING SUNS. BUT NAW. THESE DAYS, KIDS ARE STUPID. ALL THEY WANT IS REGIME PROPAGANDA.



WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT CARTOON ANTS?

WHO SENT YOU? I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. GET OUT. LEAVE NOW AND NEVER COME BACK! I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT NO CARTOON ANTS! LEAVE THIS MOMENT!

HEY, HOLD ON! JIRO, JIRO, JIRO! WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, RIGHT? OLD BUDDY, OLD JIRO, OLD PAL... WHY SO SALTY OVER SOME . . .
. . . CARTOON ANTS?


AHH
GET OUT
LALALALALALALALALA
LALALALALALALALALA
LALAALAAAAA
GET THE PORK OUT RIGHT NOW I DON'T KNOW YOU AND I HAVE NEVER KNOWN YOU AND I WILL NEVER COME TO LEARN TO KNOW YOU - GET OUT!!!!!

DID JIRO SEEM A BIT . . . OFF . . . TO YOU, ROBOPIGEON?

HHHHH

NOT REALLY. JIRO IS WEIRD. WHY DOES HE COLLECT BOTTLES OF PISS?

DUNNO, BUT I'M STARVING. LET'S GO GET SOME LUNG.

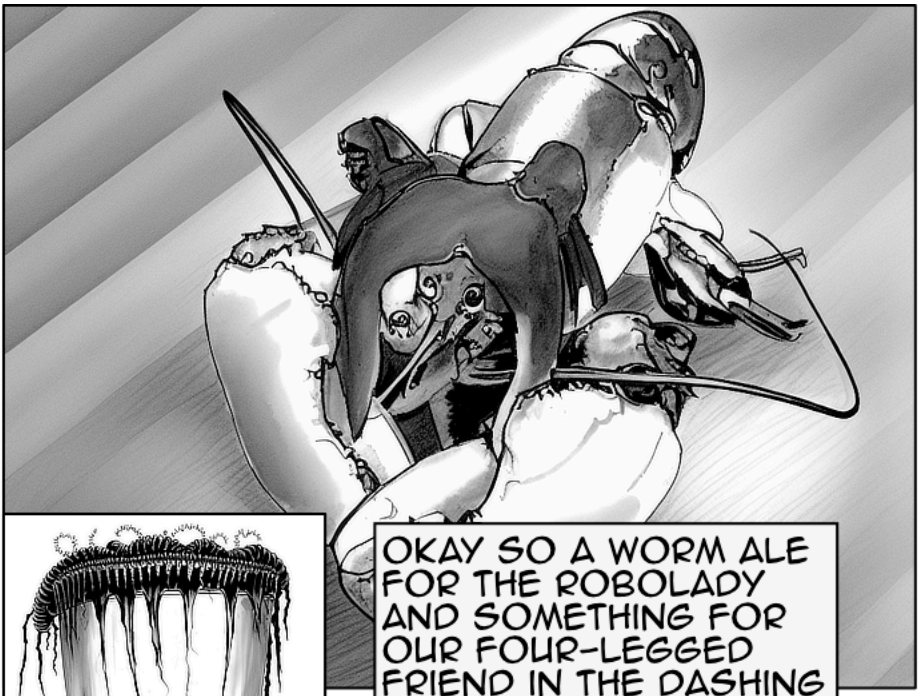
YA GOTTA PAW IT TO THE JAPS, ROBOPIGEON. THEY DO A NICE LUNG. SEE, THE KEY TO A NICE LUNG IS . . . THERE'S A KIND OF BUOYANCY, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE MUSHY, NOTHING WORSE THAN MUSHY LUNG, NO, IT'S... BUOYANT, THAT'S REALLY THE ONLY WORD FOR IT, A SPRINGING YIELDING, IT'S LIKE IT FLOATS. IT'S . . . BUT THEN THERE'S JUST A SLIGHT CRUNCH, LIKE YOU GO IN, AND THEN THERE'S JUST A BIT OF RESISTANCE, AND THEN BOOM, A LITTLE POCKET OF MEATY CLOUDS. NOTHING BETTER THAN A NICE BIT OF LUNG. DOGDAMN THESE JAPS KNOW HOW TO DO A NICE LUNG. NOT ALL GREASY LIKE THAT CHINESE SLOP FROM YESTERDAY. *MM MMMM MMMM* THIS IS GOOD LUNG. YOU WANT TO TRY IT? YOU SHOULD TRY IT. HERE. JUST HAVE THIS LITTLE PIECE. IT'S GOOD. TRY IT.

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE MISSING, ROBOPIGEON. NO IDEA AT ALL. I GUESS WHEN THEY MADE YOU, THEY DIDN'T ALIGN YOUR TASTE BUDS PROPERLY, BECAUSE THIS RIGHT HERE IS A SOLID NINE OUT OF TEN JAP LUNG. NOT THE BEST LUNG I'VE EVER HAD, NO. JAPS DO A NICE LUNG. IT'S TRUE. BUT THE UZBEKS? NOW THOSE GUYS ARE KING OF THE LUNGS. THEY DO THIS THING WHERE THEY TWIST IT INTO LITTLE STRANDS, LIKE WEE LITTLE HELIXES, TAKES LIKE THREE DAYS, THEY SET IT OUT IN THE SUN WITH THIS CITRUS ROUX THING, NOT A LEMON AND NOT A LIME AND NOT AN ORANGE, LIKE SOME WEIRD UZBEK THING WE DON'T EVEN HAVE, AND THEY PUT THIS BIG TARP OVER THE TOP, AND THEN, GET THIS, THE VULTURES COME FROM LIKE MILES AROUND AND THEY PUT LIKE DUST OR

THIS MOVIE IS TERRIBLE.

YEAH. LET'S SCRAM.



OKAY SO A WORM ALE FOR THE ROBOLADY AND SOMETHING FOR OUR FOUR-LEGGED FRIEND IN THE DASHING HAT-? WE HAVE A NICE URCHIN-EGG STOUT?

NO. HUMAN BEER. MAKE IT A DOUBLE.

THIS BEER IS TERRIBLE.

YOU ORDERED A WORM BEER. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

THESE ARE SEA WORMS.

. . .

I DON'T LIKE SEA WORMS.

YOU WANTED TO COME HERE.

WELL I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE SEA WORMS.

THIS PAGE HAS BEEN PREBUNKED AS DANGEROUS MALINFORMATION BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY AND THEREBY REMOVED.

IT IS NOT PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE FOR A DETECTIVE BASSET HOUND TO HAVE SEX WITH A ROBOTIC PIGEON, AND ANY DEPICTIONS THEREOF UNDERMINE OUR WAR EFFORT IN UKRAINE. SLAVA UKRAINI.

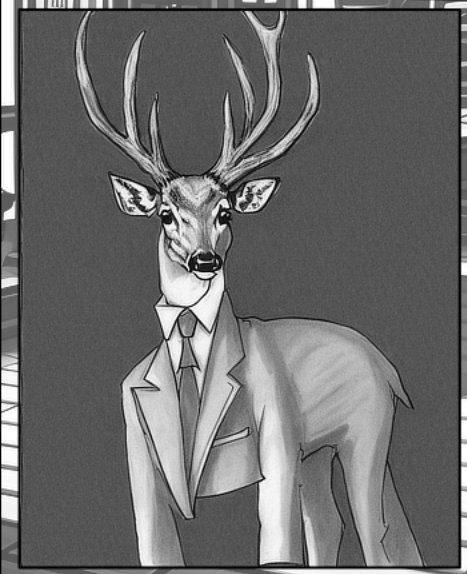
DEAR DIARY,

JUST HAD AWKWARD COITUS WITH A ROBOTIC PIGEON AFTER GETTING DRUNK ON TWO BIT BEER AT A POOLHALL RUN BY TRANSEXUAL YAKUZA LOBSTERS BUT I CAN'T GET THE VISION OF THAT POOR TWO-YEAR-OLD'S CREDIT REPORT OUT OF MY MIND. HOW DOES A TWO-YEAR-OLD KID, HARDLY EVEN OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE, RUN UP SEVENTEEN TRILLION DOLLARS IN DEBT WITH A CHINESE MINING CONCERN? WHAT KIND OF FINANCIAL TROUBLE ENDS IN BEING EATEN ALIVE BY ANTS? CARTOON ANTS, AT THAT? IT'S ALL SO PORKED UP, DIARY. THIS CITY. THESE SAVAGES. THESE STREETS COVERED IN OOZE AND TORMENT AND CARTOON ANTPLOP AND GORE . . . WILL TOMORROW BE BETTER? PORK NO IT WON'T. AND THAT'S WHY I LIKE MY LUNG NOT EXACTLY FRIED, BUT KINDA SEARED, JUST A BIT CRUNCHY ON THE OUTSIDE, WITH A SORT OF

C'MON ROBOPIGEON.
WE'RE GOING TO CITY HALL.

TELL YOUR DEER MAYOR I'M HERE TO SPEAK WITH HIM.
THE MAYOR IS QUITE BUSY, SIR. I'M AFRAID . . .
TELL HIM WE'RE FROM THE ... CARTOON ANT FACTORY.

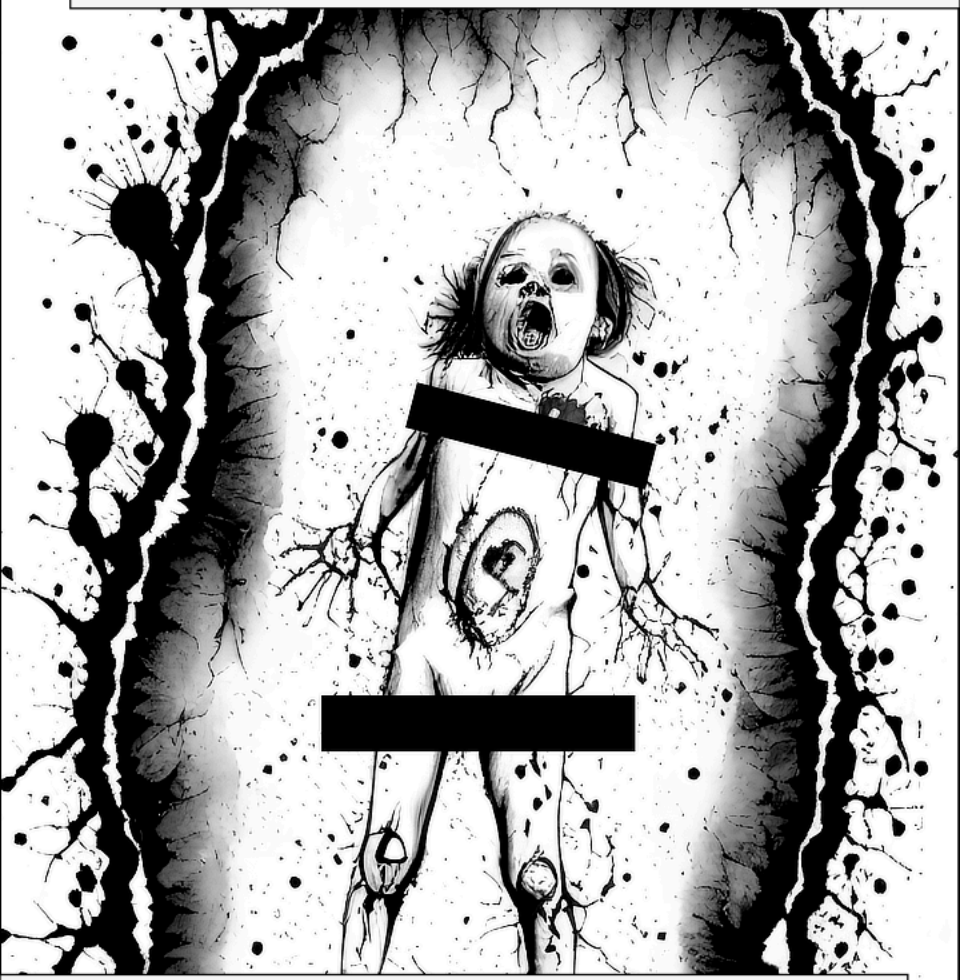
... YOU SICK SONOFABITCH! PORKING A TWO-YEAR-OLD KID WITH A CREDIT SCORE LIKE THAT! WHO THE PORK PUT YOU UP TO THIS? TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT MINGMING MINING CONCERN BEFORE I GET ANGRY, MISTER MAYOR. IF THAT'S YOUR REAL NAME - BEFORE I CALL MY PALS OVER AT THE OMEGALON CYBERHERALD DIGINEWSPAPER AND SEE IF THEY'D BE INTERESTED IN A LITTLE STORY ABOUT THEIR DEER MAYOR'S ... *INDISCRETIONS.*



JACKSON! BUDDY! PAL! YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG! I NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT THAT KID'S CREDIT SCORE WAS! HONEST, JACKSON! I NEVER EVEN TALKED TO THAT KID! SHE'S LYING!

THE ONLY THING SHE'S LYING IS SIX FEET ...
DON'T SAY IT ...
... UNDER!
DEERGASP!

SHE HAS...

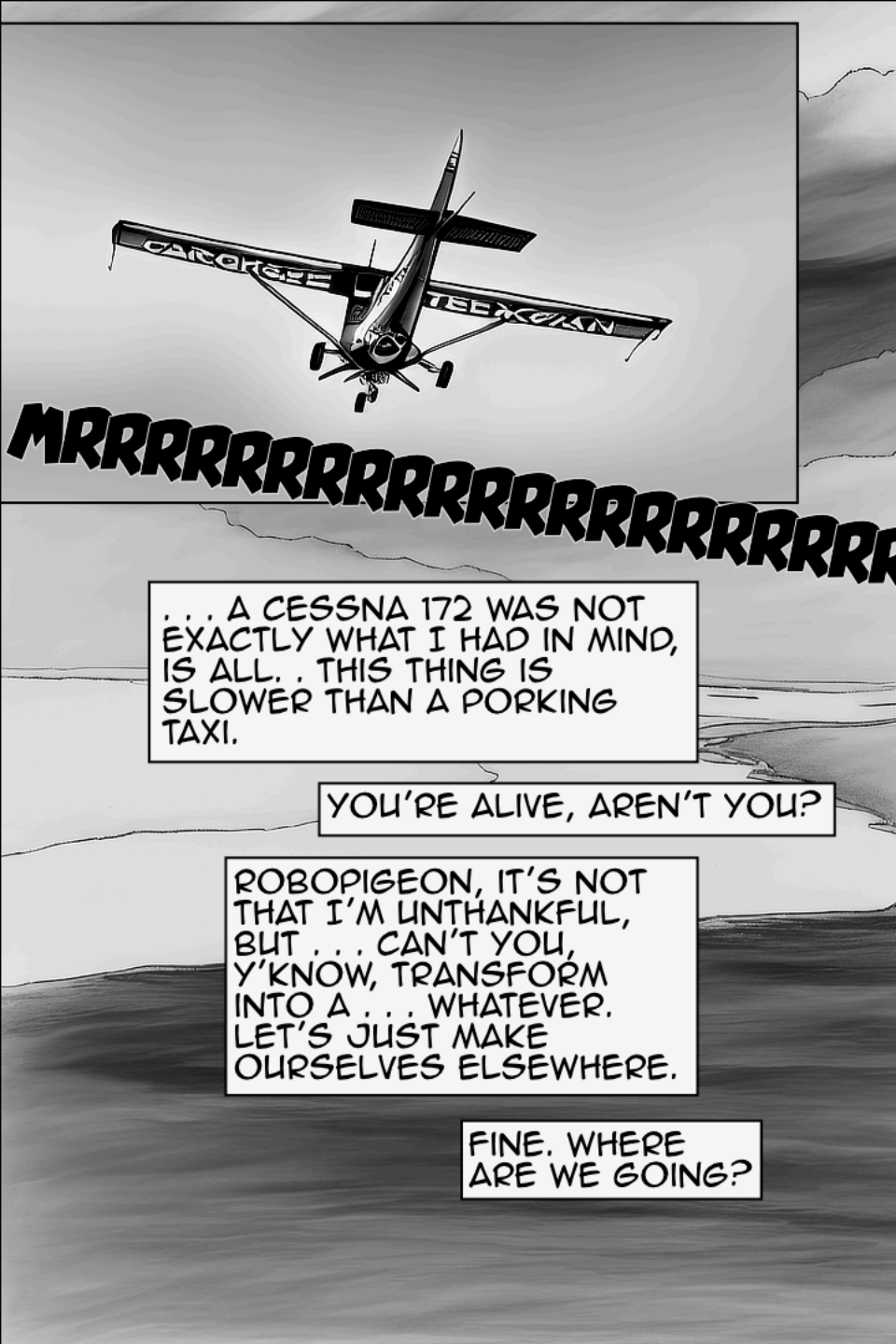


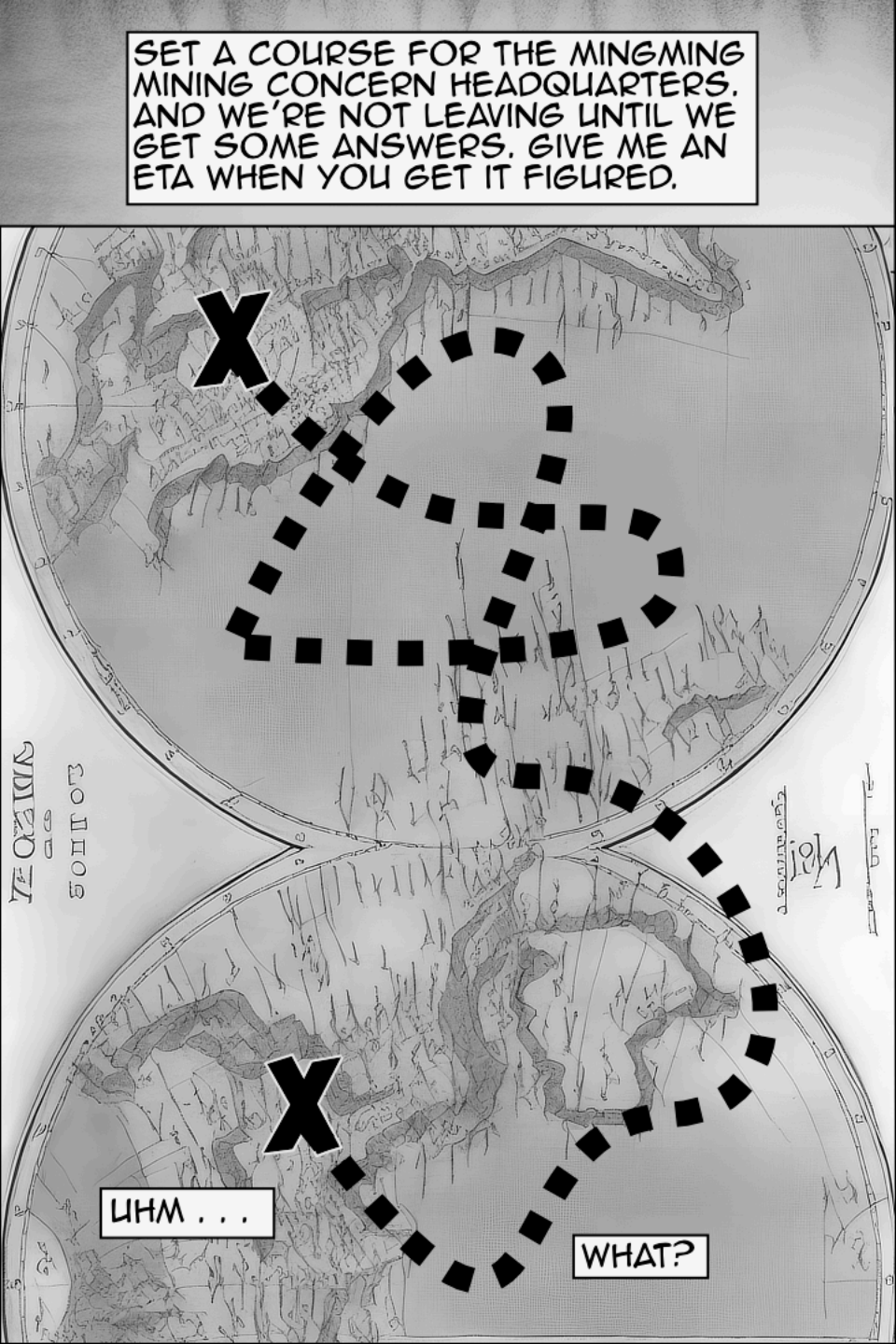
... PASSED AWAY!

BOSS!!
BEHIND YOU!!
WHA - - ???
DOORSPLOSION!

BANGERCLACKPOW!
BRAINSPLAT!
DRIBBLE!

ROBOPIGEON! TRANSFORM! GET US OUT OF HERE!
YOU GOT IT BOSS!
FLAP
WHIZ
BZRT


MRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
. . . A CESSNA 172 WAS NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND, IS ALL. . THIS THING IS SLOWER THAN A PORKING TAXI.
YOU'RE ALIVE, AREN'T YOU?
ROBOPIGEON, IT'S NOT THAT I'M UNTHANKFUL, BUT . . . CAN'T YOU, Y'KNOW, TRANSFORM INTO A . . . WHATEVER. LET'S JUST MAKE OURSELVES ELSEWHERE.
FINE. WHERE ARE WE GOING?


SET A COURSE FOR THE MINGMING MINING CONCERN HEADQUARTERS. AND WE'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL WE GET SOME ANSWERS. GIVE ME AN ETA WHEN YOU GET IT FIGURED.
X
X
UHM . . .
WHAT?

. . . TWELVE DAYS LATER . . .

LAND HO, BOSS! CHINA!

I CAN'T FEEL MY PAWS.

. . . TWELVE MINUTES LATER . . .

WHAT'S HE SAYING, ROBOPIGEON?

HE'S SAYING IT'S DEEP FRIED.

DOGDAMNIT, NO. TELL HIM SEARED. SEARED. YOU NO SPEAKY ENGRISH? ***SEARED***. PORK THIS. WE'LL EAT AT THE HOTEL.

. . . TWELVE HOURS LATER . . .

LOOK. I'VE APOLOGIZED AS MUCH AND AS THOROUGHLY AS I AM CAPABLE OF APOLOGIZING, BOSS.

IT'S SO MIND-BLOWING THAT YOU DIDN'T EVEN PORKING CHECK.

THEIR NAME IS MINGMING MINING, LIKE, THEIR WEBSITE WAS ALL IN CHINESE –

SO WHERE EXACTLY IS THEIR HEADQUARTERS, ROBOPIGEON?

RIGHT, WELL . . . FUNNY STORY. COME TO FIND OUT . . . HA HA HA YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS . . . HA HA HA OH BOY –

TELL ME.

HAHAHA
TELL ME.

TELL YOU WHAT? WHAT WERE WE EVEN TALKING ABOUT?
TELL ME.

TUNE IN NEXT MONTH FOR EPISODE TWO

Jackson Montgomery Beauregard IV & Robopigeon

IN THE CENTRAL SOCIALIST AFRICAN CYBER-REPUBLIC OF NEW-XUXU